

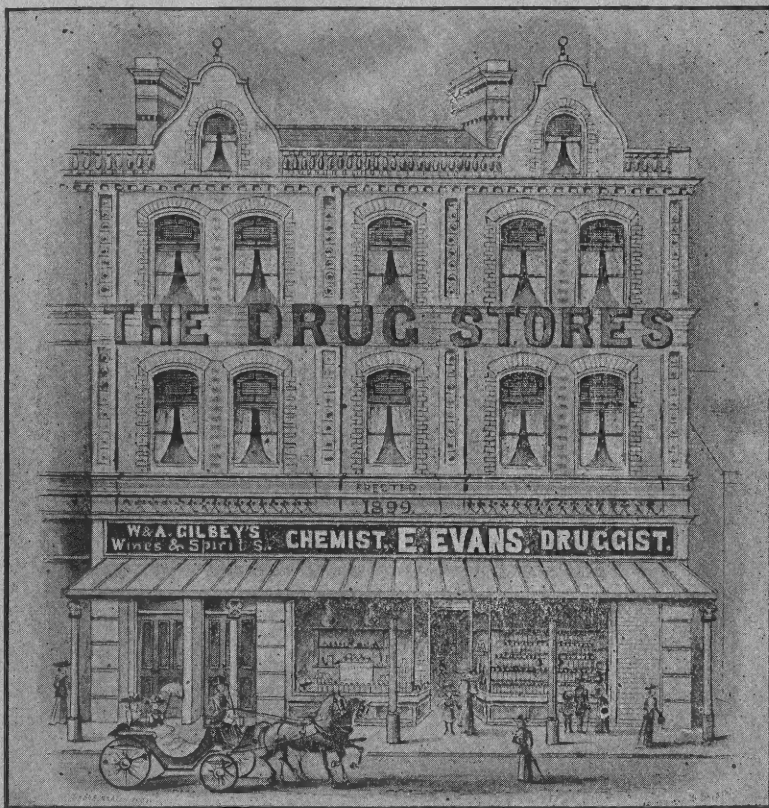
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Os ydych am hadau i'ch gerddi yn rhad,
 A hadau sy'n ateb i hinsawdd y wlad,
 Gan EVANS, Fferylllydd, yn Amanford 'nawr
 Y cewch chi amrywiaeth yn fychain a mawr;
 Nid sothach cyffredin, ond hadau i gyd,
 Mae'r Bettws yn gwybod, a llawer o'r byd
 Nid sect Saduceaidd sydd gan y gwr hwn,
 Yn llu adgyfodant nes llanw y grwn.

Ty'n-y-berllan, Bettws.

Mae'r cennu sydd ganddo yn syndod i ddyd,
 Yn wyrddlas hwy gadwanger gwaethaf yr hin,
 A hwy oedd eleni gan bawb yn ein pant
 Yn caffael eu gwisgo ar wyl Dewi Sant;
 Wel, peidiwch 'sgrifenu, na myned i'r dre',
 Os cewch am eich harian eu gwell gydag e';
 Rhowch brawf arnynt 'leni, ac yna daw'r ha'
 I ddyweyd i chwi d lewis yr hyn oedd yn dda.

MORGAN MORGAN.



X 20 52 4 55 5 1

EVAN EVANS, A.P.S.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Manufacturing & Dispensing Chemist,

Purveyor of High-class Wines, Spirits, Groceries,
Oils, Colours, Seeds, &c.

AMMANFORD.



Athrofa'r Gwynfryn, Ammanford,
April 11th, 1899.

DEAR MR. EVANS,

I am glad to see your new place ready and open.

I think that Ammanford is really proud of it. What a change on the Old Cross!

I have written a few lines which, if you deem them worthy of the new building, you can make the use you like of.

Wishing you success in your new premises,

With kind regards,

WATCYN WYN.

Mae'r palas mawr yn barod,
A'r *Chemist* yn y Shop,
A'r prynwyr fewn ac allan
Yn cerdded yn ddi-stop;
Daw llu o bellder daear
I'Ammanford Shir Gâr,
I weled y Shop newydd
A godwyd ar y Sewâr.

Y Stablau enwog hyny
Lle safai'r *Coach* mawr gynt,
Sydd wedi cael eu chwalu
Yn llwch i'r pedwar gwynt;
A Phalas wedi codi
Ar adfail Cymru Fu,
I ddangos y poteli
Sy'n gwella Cymru Sy'!

Mae yno dair o shopau
Rhagoraf yn y wlad;
Shop *Chemist* a Shop *Baker*,
A Shop am *Watches* rhad.
O un cewch foddion doctur,
A'r llall cewch fara gwyn,
O'r trydydd cewch yr amser
I lyncu'r pethau hyn.

Mae pedair heol yn arwain
Tuag at eu drysau hwynt.
A miloedd o gwsmeriaid
Yn dod o'r pedwar pwynt;
Aiff enw EVAN EVANS
Ar led drwy fro a bryn,
Am godi'r fath adeilad gwych
I wella Sewâr Cross Inn!

CORNS! CORNS! CORNS!

Positively Cured in One Week by using

EVANS' CORN CURE,

An entirely NEW REMEDY, free from Caustic or anything
irritating to the skin.

Sold in Bottles 6d. each.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. WM. HODGES, Hawthorn Villa, Bettws, says:—"I bought a 6d. bottle of your Corn Cure, and applied it three times, and it cured my corn; and there has not been a knife or a razor on my foot for four years."

"SWMBWL YN Y CNAWD AM CHWARTER CANRIF."

Mr. JOHN DAVIES, Pleasant View, Pontardulais, says:—"I have suffered from a Pet Corn for 25 years, and one bottle of Evans' Corn Cure took it clean away in a week." And now he carries it in his pocket to show his friends. It was a veritable *thorn in the flesh*; it penetrated far into the flesh, and the point was as sharp as a needle.

Prepared by EVAN EVANS, A.P.S., Cash Chemist, Ammanford.

EVANS'

Dandelion, Chamomile, and Rhubarb Pills.

An effectual Cure for indigestion, and all Stomach Complaints and Liver Affections.

In cases of Constipation they never fail to produce a healthy and permanent action of the Bowels, so that in a short time Aperients will not be required.

INDIGESTION is a weakness and want of power in the Stomach to convert what we take into healthy substance; from it proceeds nearly all the disease to which we are liable; pain after eating a meal, distension of the stomach, heartburn, acidity, and an unpleasant taste in the mouth; these are some of the consequences, but whatever they may be, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach, and in all stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous system. To effect so desirable an object, the Dandelion, Chamomile, and Rhubarb Pills can with the greatest confidence be recommended, and experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic Stomachic virtues for which Chamomile Flowers have been mostly esteemed, united with other vegetable preparations equally valuable, which, when combined, possess properties peculiarly suitable for Indigestion or Stomach complaints. This particular preparation of Dandelion has an efficient action on the Liver, so that Mercurials can be avoided. They may be taken by persons at any age and under any circumstances without inconvenience.

DOSE.—One after dinner each day, or two at bed-time.—In Boxes, 13½d. and 2s. 9d.

Tydi sydd yn nychu dan boenau o hyd,
Pysura i geisio ymwarded;
Ni raid i ti mwyach i dreulio dy fyd
Dan gwynfan, mewn dygn gaethiwed:
Peleni ein EVANS yr ymaith dy boen,
Ac iechyd esgyna i'w orsedd;
Ond prynu a llyncu y rhai'n fe ddaw hoen
I ymlid ar ffo dy holl lesgedd.
Brynfferws, Llanedi. AP MORGAN.

EVANS'

DROPS FOR EAR-ACHE AND DEAFNESS.

The newest, safest, and best remedy for Ear-ache & Deafness.

**FRANCIS BRADBURN, Rock Castle, Penygroes,
HAD BEEN DEAF FOR TWO YEARS.**

Last Christmas a little book was left at his house, in which he read of the Wonderful Cure of DAVID ARTHUR, of Carregamman Issa; he asked Mr. WILLIAMS, the Shoemaker, to procure him a Bottle, and now he is pleased to inform us that he is completely cured.

HUNDREDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

SOLD IN BOTTLES 6d. EACH.

PROPRIETOR—

EVAN EVANS, A.P.S.,

CASH CHEMIST, AMMANFORD.

TAFFY IS A WELSHMAN.

Taffy is a Welshman,
 Taffy's not a thief,
 Taffy's mutton's very good,
 Not so good his beef;
 I went to Taffy's house,
 Several things I saw,
 Cleanliness and Godliness,
 Obedience to the law.
 If Taffy rides to my house,
 Or unto Pat's doth swim,
 I think my Taffy will remark
 That we might learn of him.
 He doesn't drink, my Taffy
 (Not, leastways, as a rule)
 He goes to Chapel regular,
 And sends his boys to school.
 He dresses well on Sunday,
 His family the like,
 He's not too fond of over-work,
 But seldom cares to strike,
 He never lurks behind a hedge
 To pay his rent with slugs.
 Up craggy hills of steep incline
 His garden-mould he lugs,
 And there he grows his garden,
 His cabbages and leeks,
 His Kids get green meat in their mouths,
 And roses in their cheeks.
 Taffy is a Welshman,
 And glories in the name,
 To laugh at which enjoyment
 Appears to me a shame.
 You compliment the Scotchman
 Who talks of BRUCE and BURNS,
 You tolerate the Irishman
 Who vaunts ancestral Kerns.
 You're nuts on your own pedigree,
 Won't call it English, fair,
 But prate of "Anglo-Saxons,"
 Till Reviewers nearly swear.
 Why shouldn't gallant Taffy
 Have his relics and his bones,

Llewellyns and Cadwallos,
 And Griffyevanjoness?
 To say nothing of the question
 Whether Taffy's mother-tongue
 Wasn't quite a fine old language
 When all of ours were young.
 He says he has good Poets,
 Leave him his own opinion,
 You like obscure old ballads,
 And Taffy likes Englynion.
 Pray, are not "moel," "afon,"
 And "Morwyns" (pretty rogues)
 At least as good as "birks" and "braes,"
 "Mavourneens," "Arrah pogues" ?
 By all Nantfrancon's Beavers,
 Of the pre-historic age;
 By Aberglaslyn's hoary bridge,
 And the Swallow's Roaring Rage,
 By the Trouts of Capel Curig,
 By Carnarvon's Eagled Tower,
 The smile of placid Tan-y-Bwlch,
 And the frown of Penmaenmawr;
 By yon lonely Puffin Island,
 And the monster Head of Orme,
 The Castle of the Beauteous Marsh,
 Llanberis' Pass of Storm;
 By the magic Bridge of Bangor,
 Hung, awful, in the sky,
 By the grave of sweet Beddgelert,
 Where the Martyr-Hound doth lie;
 By the lightnings that on Snowdon
 Glint, the jewels of his crown,
 Stand up, brave Taffy, for thy right,
 And never be put down.
 If all VICTORIA'S subjects
 Were half so good as thou,
 VICTORIA'S subjects would kick up
 Uncommon little row.
 And PUNCH, Incarnate Justice,
 Intends henceforth to lick
 All who shall scorn or sneer at you:
 YOU JOLLY LITTLE BRICK!

Written by CHARLES SHIRLEY WILLIAM BROOKS, Editor of *Punch* (b. 1816, d. 1874), born at Doughty Street, London. Among his principal works were "The Silver Chord," "Sooner or Later," with illustrations by George du Maurier, "The Waggletons," and a volume edited by his son, "Wit and Humour, Poems from *Punch*."

EVAN'S

Condition Powder for Horses.

Will be found of good service in Purifying the Blood from all humours, producing a fine sleek coat and general high condition.—They are very serviceable in Cracked Heels or Scratches, and should be given to all Horses at Spring and Autumn; they do not interfere with the Horse's work.

The dose (a large table-spoonful) should be given every night in a feed of corn, which should be slightly wetted. As soon as the bowels are loosened, it should be discontinued for a few days, and then repeated for another week.

